

Roquefort Celery Stalks.

TAKE 6 good-sized, uniform celery stalks, 1/2 lb. Roquefort cheese, 1 tablespoonful olive oil, 6 drops Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoonful paprika, 1 tablespoonful butter. Wash and dry the celery; mix ingredients and fill the celery stalks, and serve with plain salad.—From Good Housekeeping Magazine.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It



Magazine Page

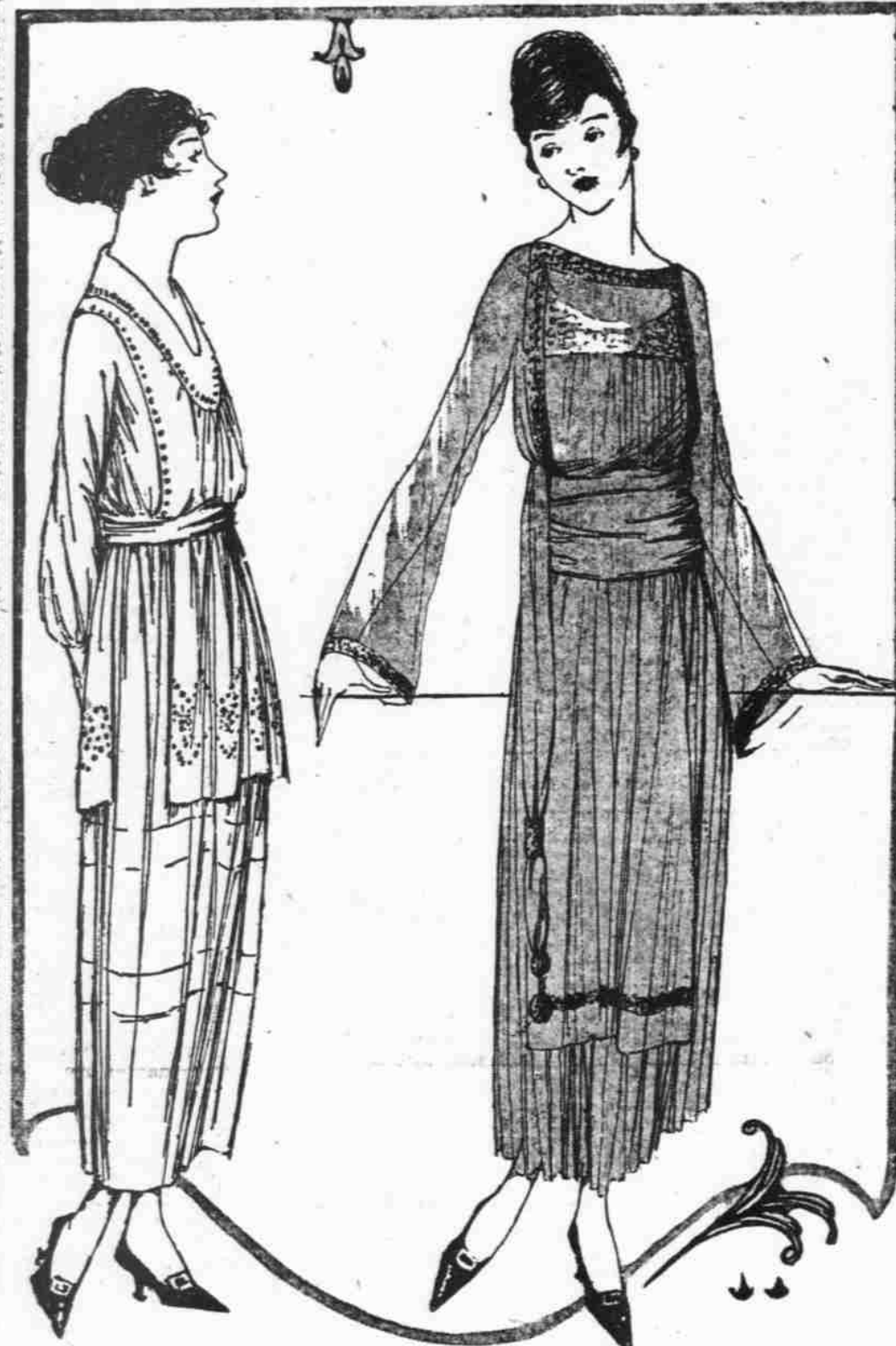


Hints on Food Conservation.

AMONG the recommendations of the United States Food Administration are these: Waste no part of milk. Use less cream, so that children may have whole milk. Use sugar and sweets sparingly except in preserving fruits. Save butter by using maple syrup or dark syrups without butter on hot cakes, waffles, muffins, etc.

Charming Gowns of Latest Design

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THIS afternoon dress, with its piquantly short Russian tunic, is of navy blue, taupe, pink, gray, or white Georgette crepe with white beading, over silk organza. In all white it is quite nice enough for more formal wear.

AND here is another charming frock of dark blue or black Georgette crepe, with the square neck, apron tunic in the back and front, long sash, and showing the beading of the new season.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE LOVE AND ADVENTURE

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")
By Fred Jackson.
Episode 14.

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THE police boat lay to, and all eyes peered over the surface of the water for some sign of the wounded thief.

"I got him, I think," said the Captain, with some satisfaction. "And it wasn't an easy shot, either." "You think—you killed him?" gasped Pearl.

"Or else wounded him so seriously he couldn't struggle," admitted the Captain. "You're not sorry, are you?" He hoped she wasn't going to turn out a weepy, sentimental creature after all.

The Diamond Gone.

"Surely you're not sorry?" repeated the "Spider."

"Replies of that breed are better off out of the way, Miss," ventured one of the policemen frankly. "I know. It isn't that."

"It's my diamond!" murmured Pearl. "If he's gone, my diamond's gone with him."

She looked at Tom, as though to remind him that they would have the Arabs on their trail for the rest of their lives if this proved true.

"Oh, his body'll probably be recovered and you'll get your diamond, then," said the police captain reassuringly.

Pearl looked dubious, but said no more.

The Captain, looking anxiously for some reason to change the subject, observed the officer discreetly making off—and he asked abruptly:

"How about the Captain of that bark? Shall we take him in?" "By all means!" cried the "Spider."

"Charles may have passed the stone to him."

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

without resistance. He complied, unwillingly, and the little craft was turned toward shore, while the officer followed them.

"I'll appear against him," said Tom, bending over Pearl, "and see that a thorough search for the stone is made. You go home and rest. You've had a mighty hard time of it, and there's really nothing more that you can do now."

"But I'd rather stay and see if Carslake's body is recovered," protested Pearl.

"Carslake is saved."

"It may not be recovered for days," answered Tom. "I'll stay on the job and let you know the instant anything develops. Please go and rest—to please me."

"Very well," agreed Pearl, flashing him a smile and then hastily lowering her lashes.

The police-boat docked and all on board disembarked. From underneath, a passenger disembarked also. Carslake had "fished" under water, and had let the police craft tow him safely to shore.

Now, unseen by all, he swam swiftly to a point some distance below where the boat had docked, and there landed. A sinister smile was on his face as he wrung the water from his clothes.

Pearl and the "Spider" hailed a taxi and set off uptown, Pearl fully intending to keep her promise to Tom and go home and rest. But the taxi had not gone ten blocks before it met with difficulties.

A sprinkling cart had passed that way only a few moments before, and the streets were so wet that the taxi—having no chains on—skidded in trying to stop short, whirling around in a complete cir-

cle, banged against the curb and smashed the hind wheel to smithereens.

A Coincidence.

The shock of the impact threw both Pearl and the "Spider" violently forward, but neither was hurt, and when they presently descended to see what was to be done, they found their conveyance temporarily useless, and no other cab in sight.

To the cursing and perspiring driver, Pearl gave the fare that was due and a generous tip toward a new wheel. Then both she and "Spider" gazed about in search of some sort of vehicle. It was the "Spider" who discovered it.

A taxi was coming toward them, a block off, turning out of a side street and coming along toward them almost as though it had been ordered.

"Well! Here's a bit of luck," cried the "Spider." "You don't see a taxicab in this neighborhood once a day?"

"Hurrah!" cried Pearl jubilantly, waiting for the driver to stop.

But though there seemed to be nobody inside the cab, the driver did not slacken speed. He merely shook his head and went on, mumbling the single word "busy" as he passed.

"The devil fly away with him," cried Pearl, disgustedly, as she gazed after him.

"He must be answering a call," said the "Spider."

But the words were no more than out of his mouth when Pearl clutched his arm excitedly and pointed after the receding cab.

"Look!" she whispered.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a lizard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker grows an idea of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's weird personality.

PART ONE—(Continued)

THE poor fellow may have been seated at one time, but the snapping and buffeting of the sails had worked the rudders der of the wheel and dragged him to and fro, so that the cords with which he was tied had cut the flesh to the bone. Accurate note was made of the state of things, and a doctor—Surg. J. M. Caffyn, of 35 East Elliot Place—who came immediately after me, declared, after making examination, that the man must have been dead for quite two days.

In his pocket was a bottle, carefully corked, empty save for a little roll of paper, which proved to be the address of the Count. The coastguard said the man must have tied up his own hands, fastening the knots with his teeth. The fact that a coastguard was the first on board may save some complications, later on, in the admiralty court; for coastguards cannot claim the salvage which is the right of the first civilian entering on a derelict. Already, however, the legal tongues are wagging, and one young law student is loudly asserting that the rights of the owner are already completely sacrificed, his property being held in contravention of the statutes of mortmain, since the tiller, as emblematic, if not proof, of derelict possession, is held in a dead hand.

It is needless to say that the dead seaman has been reverently removed from the place where he held his honorable watch, and ward till death—a steadfastness as noble as that of the young Casablanca—and placed in the mortuary to await inquest.

Already the sudden storm is passing, and its fierceness is abating; crowds are scattering homeward, and the sky is beginning to redden over the Yorkshire wolds. I shall send, in time for your next issue, further details of the derelict ship which found her way so miraculously into harbor in the storm.

SHIP'S IDENTITY AND CARGO FINALLY SOLVED.

Whitby, 9 August.—The sequel to the strange arrival of the derelict in the storm last night is almost more startling than the thing itself. It turns out that the schooner is a Russian from Yarna, and is called the Demeter. She is almost entirely in ballast of silver sand, with only a small amount of cargo—a number of great wooden boxes filled with mold. This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, S. P. Billington, of 7 The Crescent, who this morning went aboard and formally took possession of the goods consigned to him.

The Russian consul, too, acting for the charter party, took formal possession of the ship, and paid all harbor dues, etc. Nothing is talked about today except the strange coincidence, the officials of the board of trade have been most exacting in seeing that every compliance has been made with existing regulations. As the matter is to be a "closed case" again.

der" they are evidently determined that there shall be no cause of after complaint. A good deal of interest was abroad concerning the dog which landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the S. P. C. A., which is very strong in Whitby, have tried to befriend the animal.

To the general disappointment, however, it was not to be found; it seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. It may be that it was frightened and made its way on to the moors, where it is still hiding in terror. There are some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest later on it should in itself become a danger, for it is evidently a fierce brute. Early this morning a large dog, a half-bred mastiff belonging to a coal merchant close to Tait Hill pier, was found dead in the roadway opposite to master's yard. It had been fighting, and manifestly had had a savage opponent, for its throat was torn away, and its belly was all open as if with a savage claw.

Later.—By the kindness of the board of trade inspector, I have been permitted to look over the log-book of the Demeter, which was in order up to within three days, but contained nothing of special interest except as to facts of missing men. The greatest interest, however, is with regard to the paper found in the bottle, which was today produced at the inquest; and a more strange narrative than the two between them unfold it has not been my lot to come across.

As there is no motive for concealment, I am permitted to use them, and accordingly send you a receipt, simply omitting technical details of seamanship and supercargo. It almost seems as though the captain had been seized with some kind of mania before he had got well into bluewater, and that this had developed persistently throughout the voyage. Of course my statement must be taken cum grano, since I am writing from the dictation of a clerk of a Russian consul, who kindly translated for me, time being short.

Log of the Demeter.

Yarna to Whitby. Written 18 July, things so strange happening, that I shall keep accurate note henceforth till we land.

On July 6 we finished taking in cargo, silver sand and boxes of earth. At noon set sail. East wind, fresh. Crew, five hands, * * * two mates, cook, and myself (captain).

On 11 July at dawn entered Bosphorus. Boarded by Turkish customs officers. Batches ashore. All correct. Under way at 4 p. m.

On 12 July through Dardanelles. More customs officers and flagboat of guarding squadron. Backwash again. Work of officers thorough, but quick. Want us off soon. At dark passed into archipelago.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

(Continued)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Put Him Out of Your Life.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am madly in love with a man who frankly told me of his marriage the second time we met. He has never spoken of love to me, but I know he likes me. He takes me everywhere and we go out twice a week or he calls at my house. I know it is not proper for me to keep this man's company, but it would break my heart to give him up. He does not know I think so much of him, for I am of a quiet disposition and do not wear my heart on my sleeve. But the love I bear this man is just sapling my heart's blood away and I know it must always be unrequited, for we are both Catholics, and divorce is out of the question.

His wife's parents separated them when they returned from their elopement. She is a wealthy Protestant girl and it was she who planned the marriage and elopement. I worry so much my hair is turning gray. If you can make anything of this letter please tell me what to do.

HEARTBROKEN.

It seems to me that there is nothing for you to do but make one firm, desperate stand against a love which must be hopeless. You certainly are not going to break the laws of your faith, and you must not break the laws of your land.

Friendship with this man is costing your youth and happiness, in that it does not satisfy you, and tortures you with cruel thoughts of "what might have been." I am not hard or unsympathetic when I tell you to endure the one quick, cruel wrench it will cost you to put this man out of your life. Since you feel he does not love you, you would not be causing him bitter pain; and for your own sake you had better be done with uncertainty. Have you talked with your priest about this problem? It seems to me that he, better than anyone else, can help you.

Actually Wrong.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty years of age and am deeply in love with a gentleman thirty-six years of age. He has often invited me out to dine, but I learned that he is married and has a wife and two children. Now do you think it is proper for me to go out with him, as he doesn't think that I am aware of the fact that he is a married man? Very sincerely,

EDITH.

Of course it isn't proper for you to go out with this man. More than that, it would be actually wrong. Because you care for him, you would be in real danger; and because he is married, you would be doing his wife as well as himself a real injustice.

When Will We Emerge from Savagery?

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



IF I could make one appeal that would touch all hearts and accomplish something, I should choose the subject of the above picture and make one that would forever remove from the hearts of men and women the ability to beat or ill-treat a child.

Some men, and more women, have acquired a regular habit of whipping their children. The punishment they inflict is out of all proportion to the offense the child has committed. The whipping is merely the outlet of the parent's own irritation. They wreak upon the one creature who cannot turn and rend them all the anger and animosity that have accumulated from their day's work—their unskillful employers, their unpaid bills, an overly large wash, or any of the thousand things that have made their day a difficult one.

It is not always an unloving mother, either, who thus makes her child pay for the ills of her own existence. It is more often the hard-working, passionately loving parent—the one who would die for

her child before she would allow anyone else to ill-treat him as she does.

The woman in the picture lashes her small boy three or four times a week at least—whenever her own work gets a little too much for her. Her fury is always out of all proportion to the nature of his fault. It is the result of her numerous difficulties with her lodgers, the butcher, the gasman and the old clothes merchant.

Poor child—poor mother! She, the one who loves him, is stunting his growth, lowering his vitality and consequently his resistance to disease. She is retarding his mental development; for what mind can blossom and unfold in such an atmosphere of physical dread?

The love she lavishes upon him between whiles will not counteract the result she is slowly bringing about. He will grow up small in stature and weak in intellect. Of what avail, then, that his mother has worked day and night and loves her children better than the whole world?

If she should once realize the work of her own hands, the millstone and the depths of the sea would be insufficient to drown her grief.

George and His Furlough

By WINIFRED BLACK

GEORGE is home on his vacation.

He arrived yesterday, and he's going back the day after tomorrow. There are only four days to George's vacation.

And he doesn't call it a vacation. He calls it a furlough, for George is hard at work at the training camp learning to get up when the bugle calls and go to bed when the bugle says so, and to stand straight and to salute properly, and to be smart and quick and handy.

You'd never know George. He's been at the training camp just two months—that's all—only fifty-six days and nights. But changed. It's hard to believe he's the same man he was when he went in!

His mother telephoned me this morning that he was up before any one else in the house and out on the lawn sprinkling half an hour before breakfast. He didn't see how people could amuse so long.

They heard him in the bathroom soon after daybreak turning on the shower—cold, too. They knew it was that because there's no hot water at that hour of the morning in that particular household. And breakfast—three helpings to bacon, two helpings to eggs and five graham muffins—count them, P-I-Y-E, and asked for more, but there weren't any!

Before he went into camp it took the whole family to get him up in time for the office, and often he went without any breakfast at all. I happened to be at George's home when he came in from the furlough. No one knew he was

coming. We were sitting on the porch talking about the awful war and the price of peace, and how sad it was to see the leaves begin to turn yellow and fall when "Tillch," said the gate, and in rushed George—on the run.

Snatch, he had his mother in his arms. Slap, little brother had a good-natured cuff between the shoulders.

"Sit up, Bub!" said George. "Head up, eyes right, brother!" Big sister's knitting fell to the floor. Little sister dropped her book. The faithful old cook ran to the side door in an ecstasy of wonder and delight, his broad, Chinese face shining.

The Great Event.

He raised his floury hand to his head and saluted with a broad grin. George gave a yell of delight, whipped into the kitchen, snatched half a loaf of ginger bread, clapped old Yen on the back until he made him cough, unchained the dog, called the cat, whistled to the bird, ate ginger bread, laughed and looked as if he wanted to cry all at once and the same minute.

"Why, George?" gasped George's mother. "Why, George?" and her voice sounded as I heard it sound on the bright June morning years and years ago, when she promised George's father to love, honor and obey.

"Oh, George!" cried his big sister. "Oh, George!" And the rasp that has so often been in her voice when she spoke her brother's name was gone. "Now, George," said little sister, flushed and laughing and clinging to George's arm. "Now, George!" And her eyes danced with pride when she looked at big brother's uniform.

"Aw, George," muttered little brother. "Aw, George." And his face flushed, and he stood as straight and soldierly as he could. "Say, a'now, ya a captain-yet!"

George's father came home, and it was good to see the look in his face when he saw George, and there was telephoning and calling, and all the cousins and aunts and relatives must know, and all the friends must run in, and there must be a picnic here and a party there, and a drive to this place and a hike to the other—for George's furlough meant that his company expected to go to the front with the regiment very soon, and maybe George—but no one said it, no one even let themselves think it—not for a minute.

He's a Man.

They just loved George and were proud of him, and made much of him, and George—for the first time in his life—felt that he was really needed in the home; and he laughed and told camp stories and sang camp songs. But in the evening, when the others were gone, George's father and he talked together of serious things as they had never talked before, for George is not a foolish, inconsiderate, reckless boy now. He's a man, and he's taking a man's part in the world.

Dear George! these are happy days for him and days of splendid growth.

I hope I'll be there to see him come home from across the seas—George, who always seemed to me before a rather commonplace, ordinary fellow.

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